When the old mill took fire, and the flooring And I with it, helpless, there, full in my What do you think my eyes saw through the That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher, But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see The shining! He must have come there after me, Toddied along from the cottage without Any one's missing him. Then what a shout— Oh! how I shouted: "For Heaven's sake,

Save little Robin" Again and again They tried, but the fire held them back like I could bear them go at it, and at it, and "Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
we're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shricking
his name

his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It

From reaching the child. But I heard it. At came
Again and again—O God, what a cry?
The axes went fast, I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That secrebed them—when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beam leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash dashJumped to get out of the way-and I thought
"All's up with poor little Robin" and
brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when switt, at
my sight. my sight,
Some one rushed by, and went right through
the flume
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and
then came
Back with him—choking and crying, but—
saved!

Shouted, and oried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Whee I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime, Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time; Tom, it was, saved him. Now isn't it true, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew? There's Robin now—see, he's strong as

loz—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes, Tom was our dog.
Constance Fenimore Woolson. JOHN CRINOLINE.

The Life-Poem of a Man with a Prosaic Name.

Ten years ago there were two notable kings about John Crinoline; first, he was heartily ashamed of his name, and, second, he had read an extraordinary number of French books. I may add that his favorite French author was Chateaubriand. Those whose knowledge of this renowned writer is derived wholly from a familiarity with the toothsome steak bearing his name perhaps have a more agreeable impression of him than his books would give them. But John Crinoline was such an admirer of Chateaubriand that he had come to St. Malo, on the coast of France, that he might see for himself the house in which the philosopher was born and stand on the deserted island where his favorite au-thor found a lonely grave. And the only reason why he now loiters in the Place Chateaubriand, gazing at the antics of a pair of juvenile tight-rope walkers, is that the tide is in, the sea already dashes against the ancient walls of th town, and it is consequently impossible to cross over the submerged sen dike which at ebb tide connects St. Malo with the little island of Grand-Bey, on whose outermost ledge rest the remains of Cha-

Besides, this is the time of the harvest moon, and John is persuaded that if he would see the grave aright he must view it as Sir Walter recommends his readers to view "fair Melrose." At first he sat after dejeuner smoking a cigarette un-der the awning outside the Hotel de France and regarding with tranquil eye the graceful woman on the superb black horse. Her long riding habit clings to her, as that "outmost wrappage and overall" that Carlyle speaks of should cling to every perfect form, and the white plume in her plush hat nods with each capriole of the handsome beast. Now and then she dances back and forth attending the movements of two children who are walking wires stretched taut between poles perhaps fifty feet apart and a dozen feet high. John can only see from his distant point of view that one of these children has long yellowish hair, and that both are dressed in tinse! and tights. Some Frenchmen who sit near him sipping Chartreuse have so many things to about the horsewoman that presently his curiosity is aroused and he joins the spectators gathered in a circle around

the wires.

The boy and girl have ceased to act in concert, but starting out from the opposite end of their wires, are walking toward each other alone. A beetle browed man paces between ready to render assistance in case of disaster. The boy, alert and supple, his cheeks aflame with the exercise, trips lightly to the middle of his wire, and there, poising himself for an instant, begins oscil-

"Comme-ca, comme-ca." he crics, in a bantering tone to the little girl, who has traveled her wire more cautiously. She pauses at his call and casts a timid, beseeching glance at the beetle-browed man, who responds to it with a fierce grimace, clenching his fists. It is the episode of an instant and doubtless John Crinoline is the only one who observes it. At any rate the effect it has upon him is surprising. His eyes flash and he elbows his way impetuously to the

inner edge of the crowd.
"Annette!" calls the handsome horse woman in a deep warning tone, draw-ing rein abreat of the child. The sound of her voice works a sudden change in of her voice works a sudden change in the girl's attitude. A shiver runs through the shapely little limbs; she darts a trembling glance at the boy who is swinging gally on his wire, and then, with a piteous attempt at a smile, begins slowly to rock herself. The boy, capering like a monkey, shouts "Plus vite! plus vite!" and the beetle-browed man, taking up the words, repeats man, taking up the words, repeats them in a menacing tone, looking up savagely into her small, pallid face. It y be that they have unnerved her; haps she is blinded by the tears that gather to her bright eyes; at any rate, John Crinoline sees she is falling, and, with a very wicked oath on his lips, springs forward just in time to save

"C'est damage," says the horsewoman coldly. "Merci bien, Monsieur."

For answer John Crinoline, still holding the little tinsel form in his arms,

"You caught me, didn't you? I'm ungovernable and he must think of awful much oblige. I am going to say —Annette. Such is the weakness of merci bien to you, but I knew you weren't French soon's I heard you John, striving to lift himself up into swear.

John smiles and tenderly places her on her feet. Then the beetle-browed man, who until now, for reasons bost known to himself, has kept aside, ap-proaches cap in hand, and is so pro-fusely thankful to John and so outrage-ously affectionate toward the little aerooat that what else can John do but ad Malo he is a stranger in a strange land;

Nonsense, interposes John Crinoline's conscience. Isn't this child likewise a stranger in a strange land? She heard you swear; she spoke to you in En-lish. Humbug, says John unflinch-

But out on the long curving pier.
strolling the granite docks, indeed all the afternoon until evening, when he stands on the ramparts watching the red sun sink in the sea. John thinks of Annette. He irritably insists that it is none of his business, but away over in the West the clouds cunningly arrange themselves in the form of a child with yellow hair, and give him the lie direct. He whistles softly and remarks to himself that this thing is very amusing; that he doesn't propose to be browheaten. the afternoon until evening, when he he doesn't propose to be browbeaten into making an ass of himself, even by

celestial phenomena.

A mild breeze is blowing seaward and the tide is fast ebbing. Stretches of white, clean beach lay below him, on which children are at play. Adult Frenchmen, who will never outgrow Frenchmen, who will never outgrow their boyhood, stand knee-deep in the quiet water of a pond left by the sea, gleefully sailing their miniature ships, and a bevy of girls, chaperoned by their parents, are seeking the shelter of the rocks to disrobe for a bath. Tardy blanchisseuses issue from the town with heaving, baskets of lines which they heaping baskets of linen, which they spread upon the beach, and the confused nurmur of their voices floats up with murmur of their voices floats up with the rolling of the surf. A gendarme stands at the western bastion with the terra-cotta tint of the sky in his face, and of him John inquired when it will be possible for him to cross over the dike to Grand-Bey. He has still a half-hour to wait before he can stand by the tomb of his favorite Franch author. It tomb of his favorite French author. It is enough time for another turn around

the ramparts. The day is dying. It is nearly dead, and the silver light of the moon is on the water, when John, having looked everywhere else around him, quite naturally drops his eyes straight down along the great granite blocks of the pier, and is shocked to find them resting upon Annette. Yes, there she is, her lips parted, smiling timidly up at him; one hand against the simy green sea-weed that clings to the wall, and the other swinging a small paper parcel. Of course, she is not clad in her tinsel and tights, only in a shabby blue dress; but the yellow hair is there, and John knows her by it. He can discern a mild appeal in her eyes; she looks as though she would speak to him; she has held her pretty Lttle head in that strained upward position so long—indeed, Heaven only knows how long—that he can see her swallowing back what his heart tells him is a sob-and yet, what

"Be careful!" he calls to her in a gra-cious tone; "you may fall in. Those And the next instant he is walking rap-idly away toward the beach.

When John descends the paved roadway leading from the main gate the last afterglow of sunset has faded from the sky, and the moon is shining full upon the sea. He crosses the sea wall to Grand-Bey. The little island looks rather forbidding as it lies in the shadow, sloping gently up from the still water to where it is crowned by the ragged ruins of the ancient chateau. path, faintly defined in the grass and stones, leads past these ruins, then down a flight of stone steps, and sud-denly before John's eyes the tomb ap-pears, surrounded by its iron railing, through which gleams the waste of sea

lighted up by the moon.

He is instantly sure there is nowhere another such grave as this. Perched upon the edge of the island, here lofty and steep, where the salt spray can bathe it when the waves run high, it is so lonely, so simple, so grand. It is only a small cylindrical cross carved from a granite block, and it rests upon the tomb, which is enclosed by a rusted iron fence, the four corner posts being capped by iron pine cones. John at once begins a minute inspection of the grave. He has come to St. Malo for this express purpose, you will remember. So he walks slowly around it, and in so doing his eye has to fall upon the sea, tranquilly surging and silvered over with the light of the moon. When he is presently conscious of this diversion he stubbornly turns to the grave again and tries to find an inscription upon the tablet. There is none visible. He tablet. There is none visible. He then plucks a dead crisp flower from the mutilated wreath of immortelles that some friend or pilgrim like himself has long ago hung around the shaft of the cross. He places this flower in his notebook and seats himself on the granite rock with his limbs hanging over the

ige. "What," he deliberately says aloud, "is the matter with me?"
What, indeed? John Crinoline is something of a writer. As a versifier he is undoubtedly very clever, and it is mainly due to his belief that the unfortunate name he possesses will always operate against his literary success that he is so sensitive on that relationship. sensitive on that point. His friends lament that this scribbling talent of his is not in the humorous line, where his name would really be an aid to him. He has said with a mournful smile: "Fancy an ode on the immor-tality of the soul by John Crinoline." It has been useless to persuade him to adopt a nom de plume. He has al-ready said: "Suppose my work should succeed in that way—think of the fun there would be when I revealed myself

as J. Crinoline."

So he has come here prepared to write, believing the scene should put him in a writing mood. Hence he has had the forethought to bring a candle with him in order that he may have light if necessary to jet down the creations of his fancy. Sitting thus on a desolate island by the picturesque grave of a great man, with the waves softly lapping on the sands below, and the harvest moon above shedding her ghostly light on the sea—certainly such a situation ought to provoke a firstas J. Crinoline." a situation ought to provoke a first-class poem. John is right in his premises. But he can not center his ing the little tinsel form in his arms, glares up at the woman with such fury that she blushes. Then he turns to meet Annette's blue eyes gazing with the moon or down at its radiance in wonder into his. the water, straightway his brain is live on."

—Annette. Sech is the weakness of human flesh—the pride of intellect. John, striving to lift himself up into the realm of fancy, must tumble back to the common place consideration of an unknown child with yellow hair.

"Hang it!" he says indignantly. "What is the matter with me to-night. Isn't a dead genius of more consequence to him than a live acrobat Apparently not. He springs to his feet, thrusts the note-book in his pocket, flings the candle over the cliff, knows absolutely nothing about the laws regulating—

Nonsense interposes John Crinoline's where there is life and dancing. So he

Anuette can endure it no longer.

'Are you asleep?'' she asks.

He starts up suddenly and looks ing. He is nervous; he wants to be where there is life and dancing. So he turns from the tomb and moves away.

As he does so his eyes rest suddenly on a childish form standing upon the

top of the flight of stone steps. The moonlight is full upon her and he sees it is Apnette. He is not much surprised; she has been in his thoughts all day, but he is irritated at sight of her. It looks so theatrical for her to appear before him in this fantastic style. He wonders how long she has been standing up there like a ghost, gazing down upon him. Small wonder, however, that his brain was intractable. Before he can act she has tripped down the steps and fearless-

"Whose grave is that?" she asks in a low, awe-struck voice. "Chateaubriand's."

"A man?"

"Did you love him?" "I never saw him."

"Why do you stay here so long, then?" How can he answer the child? He does not try, but follows the Socratic method.

"Why are you here?"
"Oh," she says, ingenuously, "Ididn't know there was a man buried up there. just followed you."

Why?" He asks it so coldly, almost angrily that her confidence in him and in her self is plainly weakened. She stands upon one foot twisting her lithe body ineasily about. "I thought because you caught me

on'd help me." Her voice trembles: the paper parcel slips from her fingers; he can see her little chin working convulsively, and then she drops on the granite rock and

says, soothingly:
"How could I help you?"

She looks at him very earnestly, as he can see with the moonlight on her face, and eagerly tells him: "Why, please don't let them get me

again. "Let whom? That ugly man and the woman on horseback?"

"Who are they?" "Madame de Leonelle et Monsieur Georges Picot-that is what they tell the people they are; but she's my aunt, and I don't know who he is, only I hate

John smiles. She looks angelic with the moonbeams playing in her yellow hair: but she can hate.

"Are they very cross to you?"

"Awful. Just look what he did to
me to-day for falling off the wire. She
bares her left arm that he may see a thick red welt crossing the flesh above

the elbow.
"The brute!" cries John angrily. Annette is evidently delighted to hear him

say so. "That's nothing," she boastingly ivs, "to the cut she gave me with her riding-whip. I ran away then, too, but it was at Jersey. St. Heliers, and I couldn't get off the island; so they

caught me."
"Where's your mother, Annette?" "Your father?" "He's dead, too."

'Were they Americans?" "Mamma wasn't. She used to live a Orleans; but papa painted pictures in Paris, and when he died we were awfui poor. Was you ever in Paris? Was you ever in the Rue Mazet? Oh, it was a very funny little street. Papa used to take me and mamma to St. Cloud and the Bois de Boulogne on Sundays. That was the best fun of all. Mamma teased papa about his French and made him say cilleuse' and 'feullet,' and words like that, and then papa teased mamma and made her try to say things in English like 'three' hundred and thirty-three thousand chestnuts," and then she called him a 'Yahn-kee.'"

John, now reclining upon the rock with his head resting in his right hand, looks calmly up at her, quite forgetful of the grave of the great man behind him. There is a faint French accent in Annette's talk that is charming. She sits cross-legged, with her face turned full toward him and sideways to the moon. At times a strain of music floats across the water, and Annette always pauses to listen.

"Then your mother died, too," says John, abruptly. "Yes," she repeats, in a low tone "then she died, too."

"And then?"-"Then my aunt came and took me away to Poissy. It was awful nice at first. I used to go out in a boat on the

river all by myself and get on the island and play Paul and Virginia."

"Who played Paul?"

I didn't have any: he wanted to, but I wouldn't let him." She emphasizes the personal pronoun with great dis-

"Who is 'he?" "Why, the boy who was walking the other wire—my cousin. I hate him!"
And yet she has silky yellow hair and big blue eyes. But then, John reflects, the poor little thing has lived with very hateful people; it is really no wonder she can hate,

"You then learned to walk the "Yes, but it was an awful long time before I could. I was afraid. walked all the way to Rouen, and there she met him, and after that we had a horse—that one she was on. Then we went to Havre, and Trouville, Caen, and Granville, and Jersey, and

John lies silently gazing at her. "Now, you tell me all about your He laughs.

"I havn't had half so many adven-tures as you. I'm only an idler." "Don't you ever work?" "Oh, yes, sometimes. When I'm home in America I write things for newspapers and magazines; but I don't have to."

"You must have loads of money!" Ho feels uncomfortable at this re-

mark. "No, not 'louis,' I have enough to

"I wish I had some." "What would you do?" "I'd go to the Conservatoire of Mu-

sique. Oh, I love music!"

John lowers his eyes from her face
and looks off towards a solitary light on
shore. He is quite remarkable in this respect—it takes him so long to make up his mind. Annette, seeing him so thoughtful and silent, is fearful of disturbing him, and quietly listens to the splash of the waves and the bursts of melody that come fitfully

eight o'clock. Perhaps the gendarms vas mistaken.

"Come," he says anxiously, "we must

"Oh!" she pleads on her knees, "you won't take me back to them, will you?"
"No, no—you shall go with me.
Come." He hurries her up the steps, past the rins of the chateau and down the gracer slave. the grassy slope. But before they have gone half way to the bottom he sees that the gendarme was not mistaken. There is no dike in view. Where it stretched toward the beach there is now only an expanse of white-capped water dancing merrily in the moonlight. Indeed, no beach is visible, either. waves are leaping up against the rocks, and even the great ramparts of St. Malo.

John is very much disgusted with himself. Why did he lie there dreaming himself and this poor child into such a predicament. He turns to her and says, penitently:

"I'm sorry, Annette, but we'll have to spend the night here; the sun's in."
"I don't care, I'm glad."
John does care, but he feels resigned

to see her so happy, and hand in hand they retrace their way toward the tomb. Passing the gloomy ruins Annette clings to his arm, and says with a shudder:
"I thought first you'd gone and I was
going to hide in that door, but it was so awful dark it scared me."

There is a bed of soft, dried grass just beyond, and here John halts. He takes off his light overcoat and hands it to her. She draws back, but he casts it on the grass and says in a quiet tone: John is touched. He kneels, and, taking one of her willing hands in his, says, soothingly:

"He grass and says in a quiet tone: "I want you to wrap this around you and and lie down. You must try to sleep, Annette, for as soon as the tide goes out again we will leave for England."

She classes the will leave for England."

She clasps her hands before her. and could ery out from excess of grat-itude. But she only smiles joyfully and the moonlight glistens on her white teeth.

"Are you afraid?" he asks. "You won't go away?" "No, no."

She submissively loses herself in the arms of the great coat and cuddles upon

the grass.

Now he has determined what he shall do, and promised her, he feels relieved. Nevertheless, he realizes how serious the affair is—he is abdueting a child, one, too, who is unquestionably of considerable pecuniary value to her relatives. He smiles stubbornly, and lights a cigarette; seating himself under the moon on the top stone step, where he can turn a shoulder and gaze upon Ancan turn a shoulder and gaze upon Annette, or look straight ahead upon the sea, and let his eyes in passing rest upon the tomb. It may be sacriligious, but there is now something so absurd to John in the idea of his brooding over the grave of Chateaubriaud that he chuckles. Perhaps this powerful harvest moon has turned his head as well as the

At any rate, Chateaubriand has no place in his thoughts now. He is try-ing to decide whether he had better run the risk of taking the morning's steamer from St. Malo to Jersey, or take the train to Calais direct. The more he thinks about it the more serious the chances of discovery on the Jersey boat appear to him, and the possibility of losing Annette is very unpleasant. Indeed, the mere idea so alarms him that he turns to look at her more than once, and each time his glance encounters a pair of eyes shining up at him from the grass out of the folds of his overcoat. Annette is more anxious than he. Her eyes close quickly when they meet his, and she feigns to sleep, but her yellow head never swerves from the angle at which

she has adjusted it to watch him. So the moon floats on until the grave is in shadow. The t'de follows the moon and the waves the tide. John shivers a little, but is wide awake, and he knows the bright blue eves are peering furtively at him from the grass.

This all happened in the summer-time of 1878. It truly happened, for John Crinoline has told it to me. Of course he told it in much fewer words When he had gone thus far in his story I said to him:

"Well," said he, "I have been trying to answer your question. This is the reason why I sail on the Etruria next Saturday "Be plainer."

"I am going over to bring Annette "What are you going to do with

He looked me steadily in the face, and I am sure I never gazed on an honester, manlier one than his.

"Do you really think, old fellow," h said, she'll object to my name? "I've a mind to change it."—Melville Phillips. in Philadelphia Press.

## Queen Mary's Prayer-Book.

A curious and valuable prayer-book has just been sold in London. It is the little volume which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots used at her death upon the scaffold. The prayers are the handiwork of some rare fifteenth century scribe; they are written in Latin on vellum. The pages of the missal are exquisitely illuminated with elegant borders of fruit, flowers and birds; they are also decorated with thirty-five minia tures by a Flemish artist, pieces of elaborate workmanship. The little book still rests in the original oakboards; covered with silk now much worn, in which it was originally bound. —Liverpool Mercury.

—Some of the iron manufacturers of the Lehigh valley have begun to make street-paying blocks from the blast-furnace slag. Some pleasing little orna-ments of delicate tint are already made from slag, and if it can be put in dur-able block shape there seems to be no reason why it it should not become a favorite building material.—Pittsburgh Post.

ALL ABOUT ANTS.

Some Curious Stories About the Inhabl

Mr. John B. Smith, assistant curator of insects at the National Museum, read | skin. before the Biological Society at its last meeting an interesting paper on "Ants' Nests and Their Inhabitants." Ants' nests, the paper said, are found everywhere in the woods, in the fields, under the stone walls of cities and in houses; but that what else can John do but adjust his hat before all these people and then modestly slink away from them?

Nevertheless, he tells himself as he passes through the great porte, that had this incident occurred in America he certainly would not have desisted in his attentions towards Annette until he had rescued the poor child from that Amazon and brute. Here, however, in St. Malo he is a stranger in a strange land; the strains of music that the mother book in his pocket, flings the candle over the cliff, and turns to go, looking wistfully at the Casino. John ponders so long, however, that the moon gets do the tomb. It is so peaceful, lying there with the waves sparkling up at it. He is loth to go, but he acknowledges to the impulse; he feels that the sympathy for the living is stronger upon him tonight than his interest in the dead, even constant to take advantage of a simple cross her young flesh creeps, and then water thin clothing and she shivers. Finally and turns to go, looking wistfully at the Casino. John ponders so long, however, that the moon gets do in the trunks, but among the learner. Besides, this grave in front of her is a very cheerless object to stare at. Every time her eye rests upon the granite cross her young flesh creeps, and then casino sound very entered the chilly air from the Casino. John ponders so indepth to long, however, that the moon gets do indepth the great porte, film the trunks, but among the learner as varied in design and general structure as are the locality overhead and Annette begins to feel most lonely and disconsolate. Besides, this grave in front of her is a very cheerless object to stare at. Every time her every cheerless object to stare at. Every time her every cheerless object to stare at. Every time her every cheerless object to stare at. Every time her every cheerless object to stare at. Every time her every cheerless object to stare at. Every time her every cheerless object to stare at. Every time her every cheerless object to stare at. Every time the claim, their young, others build great hills full of intricate galleries, extending long distances into and under the ground. Mr. Smith said that his object was not to speak of the nests of the ants so much her—then at the moon, then hastily at as of their inhabitants. These are, of his watch. It is now nearer nine than course, primarily the ants themselves, course, primarily the ants themselves, and by disturbing a moderate-sized nest of any of the larger species the observer will become speedily convinced that the population is not a small one. But not ants alone are found

in these nests-there is a very distinct fauna that lives with, and, perhaps, partly on the ants, and the species of which are never found elsewhere. In Europe nests have been found where the intruders or guests exceeded in num-bers the ants themselves. The number of species known to inhabit such nests in Europe reaches well into the hun-dreds, over a hundred species having been found in a single nest, while in America comparatively few species have been found.

In one interesting group described by Mr. Smith—insects which the ants col-lect and care for—the aphides or plant lice, he said, played an important part. It is well known, he said, that the ants seek the plant lice and lick the sweet excretions, but it is less known, perhaps, that they also collect and rear some species, providing homes for them. A yellow species of lasius, oc-curring commonly around Washington and around New York, well illustrates this group. The ants make their nests under large stones and close to the roots of trees or shrubs. They carefully exca-vate galleries around a root, or series of roots, and then collect the winter egg of Pemphigus in large numbers, not by hundreds, but by thousands, eggs that no entomologist has yet succeeded in finding. These are carefully placed in suitable situations around the cleaned

root, and the Pemphigus, when hatched, find their food supply ready at hand and in return are expected to yield sweets to the ants. The winged form of this species leaves the nest and provides for a continuation of the race, and the ants are then compelled to lay in a new sup-

ply of eggs.

It would be supposed that the ants would be very careful to keep out all enemies of these, their domestic animals; but there is one species that gets in and remains in undisturbed. It is the larva of a common "lady-bird"—Brachya-cantha ursina. It secretes a waxy sub-stance that exudes in long strings, and gives the insects the appearance of being covered with cotton or hoar frost. This secretion seems to be much more palatable to the ants than that of the Pemphigus, and they unconcernedly see the "lady-bird" feeding upon the former, apparently concluding that the flavor is improved by passing through the latter. times it happens that a desired species of aphid will not live underground, and this compels the ants to adopt another method. They construct roads to the trees inhabited by the aphids, and build galleries around the plant lice, effectually protecting and domesticating

by Mr. Smith, contains insects that are found in the ants' nest in the perfect stage, and is the most numerous. It comprises species of many orders and of widely divergent families. Most of the species are known in the imago state only, and it has long been, and is still, a puzzle to entomologists, where the immature states of these insects are passed. A species does not, except in rare instances, inhabit the nest of more than one species of ant. On the other hand, each species of ant has its own peculiar fauna of guests, so that it is impossible, with a series of guests at hand, to tell exactly from what ant's nest they were obtained. The only benefit that is known to be derived by the ants from any of the species is in the shape of a (probably) sweet secretion. Prominent among these are the specie of the ants with which they live. These insects have a glandiferous surface a the hind angle of the thorax, covered with a thin plate, and several specimens have been observed where this plate has been gnawed off by the ants to size, and whole squads of ants have been observed in the task of preventing the escape of an individual that had ap-parently become tired of its quarters.— Washington Star.

## PHYSIOLOGICAL JARGON.

Some of the Results of Teaching the S ences to Little Boys and Girls.

There are intelligent men and women who think that if boys and girls received less schooling and more training, were taught fewer of the 'ologies and more of the three R's, they would be better fitted for their future work and station. In the London elementary schools the children are taught physiology and domestic economy. As they are too young to apprehend these subjects, they are crammed with facts which they are unable to "mark or inwardly digest. The result of their mental indigestion comes out when the government inspectors examine them. At an examination two or three years ago the chil-dren who had studied physiology were asked to describe in writing the pro-cesses of indigestion. One of them did

it in this wise: "Food is digested by the action of the lungs. Digestion is brought on by the lungs having something the matter with them. The food then passes through your windpipe to the pores.
"The food is nourished in the stomach. If you were to eat any thing hard, you would not be able to digest it.

and the consequence would be you would have indigestion.

"The gall-bladder throws off juice from the food which passes through it. We call the kidneys the bread-basket,

wrote: "The function of food is so its proper work in the body. Its proper work is to well masticate the food, and it goes through without dropping, instend of being pushed down by the

A third pupil in domestic economy wrote: "Food digested is when we put it into our mouths, our teeth chews it, and our tongue rolls it down into our body. We should not eat so much bone-making foods as flesh-forming and warmth-giving foods, for if we do we would have too many bones, and that would make us look funny."

These answers are comical, but the

laugh turns into a sigh when we reflect that to acquire this physiological jargou, the children endured several months of cramming. - Youth's Companion.

SHY CHILDREN,

They Should Be Strengthened to Bear Their Misfortune and to Over-come It.

Pity the sufferings of shy children; stand between these little ones and the people who unthinkingly inflict pain upon these tender souls. Why outrage a child's faith in nature, human and material, if he has such faith, or prevent his acquiring it, by taking advantage of his shyness and want of self-confidence? Why fill him with distrust, with fear, with terror? Why convert the world that should be beautiful to him, into one that is to be dreaded? If the person who does these things is anything short of a brute, he is guilty of a serious offense that no carelessness can excuse.

Courage and confidence should be stimulated in a child who is shy. He should be taught to believe that his exshould be taught to believe that his ex-treme disgust is ill-founded, by showing him the source of his error. A happy life will then be opened to him, where all before was desolate. But to intensify this shyness is an easy matter, and many children have been made to suffer the pangs of a miserable existence through scaring, terrifying and various impositions upon their weak-ness. If a child is bashed at the presence of a stranger, confidence in himself and the stranger also can be awakened by treating the child with considerate regard for his feelings and by a gentle pressure behind him that shall force him to overcome them. But to expose the infirmity and laugh at it in ridicule, increase the pain and make the cure all the more difficult, so that the sufferer must undergo additional pains when he grows up and must overcome them the best he may in his unavoidable contact with the world.

What a gratifying thing it must be to scare a child—to fill his heart with hob-goblins, to people the darkness with monsters, to manufacture surroundings that incessantly menace harm. This would be amusement to the savage who burns his captives at the stake, but to the person living in this nineteenth century of civilization it should be as repulsive as savagery itself. How pleasing an act it must be to frighten a child to death, as is now and then done, or to scare the little one till he stands transfixed with terror and trembling in

agony.
Strengthen shy children to bear their misfortune and to overcome it; do not subject them to ridicule or fear. They can be led out of the manifold unhapp ness arising from shyness, by strengthening each cautious step until familiar ity makes it permanent; and so, a little at a time, they can be advanced in confidence and courage until they dare to look about them without fear of failure or harm. The impressions of childhood are often almost ineradicable; people should take care, then, that those pressions shall be true, hopeful, giving self-reliance and courage to those who need it. There can be assault and battery against the feelings as well a against the body, and the former offense s more enduring and more painful than the latter. It is just as inalienable a right that one's feelings shall not be out-raged as that his bodily liberty shall not be abridged, and the shy child demands immunity and protection from those who outrage this right by making him a victim of his shyness. - Good Housekeep

## ERADICATING GARLIC.

An Experiment Which Is Alleged to Have

Proved Entirely Successi In 1884 I tried an experiment in eradicating garlie, which has proved completely successful. About two acres of sloping pasture ground was literally of Cremastochiluo, most of them species covered with garlie; when fully headed, of immense size, as compared with that took a scythe and moved it all down close to the ground. The heads were allowed to lie where they fell. This year not a single garlic plant can be found in the space mowed over, while it facilitate the getting at the secretion of is plentiful everywhere else on my the glands. These species are of large farm, contaminating my milk and often entailing heavy loss through rejection

by my wholesale purchaser.

My reason for awaiting the formation of heads before mowing was the faint hope that garlic, like rye, might not continue further growth if cut at that

stage of existence.
I am aware that one success like this by no means establishes a rule; yet so complete and thorough has been the eradication within the space mowed, that I shall give the matter a most thorough test this summer by mowing over the whole farm. I doubt whether this course will have any good effect upon the pest in ground freshly plowed or than others and hatch chickens faster. cultivated, though I am confident that I have got one that hatched out a on pasture or grass lands where the growth of other vegetation may prevent the garlie from throwing up new shoots, it will be greatly checked. On my lands stirring the soil has the tendency to give new and fresh impetus to both garlie and sassafras. The latter, particularly, is checked by pasturage and gives no concern whatever in grounds occupied by stock. It appears to have no power to break through compact soul, and yet if I plow up a sod it vigorously follows after the first crop. It hoped that garlic might in degree, at least, partake of the same nature. To my great surprise, careful inspection now fails to find any garlic on the mowed ground, notwith standing in 1884 it was most luxuriant in growth and abundant in quantity, and naturally I shall continue my experiment.-Cor. Country Gentleman.

-An Eastern man who found himself in an Illinois village the other week. asked of the proprietor of the hotel if there was a board of trade in the place. "No, sir; and I don't think we need because it is where all the bread goes to.
They lay up, concealed by the heart."

One girl, in the higher class, on being examined in domestic economy, thus unswers the question. "Why do we cook twenty cents a bushel for turnips and a pour food?" "Their of five ways to cook dollar a week for a hired gal. As we potatoes. We should die if we eat our food raw." Another girl in the same to depend upon better than as it than as it them to my boy to cut up into bean-shooters."

A coolness has since existed between what to depend upon better than as it them to my boy to cut up into bean-shooters."

A coolness has since existed between what to depend upon better than as it them as our food?" "Wall Street News."

PITH AND POINT.

-The announcement that one of the combatants in the recent prize-fight was almost killed will be received with genuine regret. - Detroit Free Press. —Some one boldly asserts that the American hen is not doing her duty. You would have us believe that her son is setting, would you?—Yonkers States-

man. -"Rule of the office, sir, patients will please pay before taking gas." "Why not after?" "It's awkward collecting in case of failure to restore respiration."

-Puck. -"This is a very healthy place," oh served a boarding mistress. "Yes—for chickens," said a boarder. "I have been here for two years and haven't seen a dead one yet." She took the hint.

-Chicago Tribune. —The railway companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the New Haven ministers says his congregation has material enough to set up a whole parallel road.—New Haven News.

-"How long has Brown been married. Charley?" "Didn't know he was married at all. I don't believe he is, either." "Yes, he is; I noticed him turn pale when the clock struck eleven."—N. Y. Sun.

-According to the New York Tribune, the band in passing the reviewing stand where President Cleveland stood, "burst into Mendelssohn's Wedding March," and the crowd "burst into cheers." If somebody would only "burst into" these gushy dailies it would be the burst thing yet.—Boston

Commercial Bulletin. -They tell of a boy in England who, seeing a great tent in which spanorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress' was being exhibited, went to the ticket taker and asked if Mr. Bunyan was in. Receiving a negative reply he remarked that he was sorry, as Mr. Bunyan was his father, and ended with the query: "Of course you'll pass me

-Amateur Actor (who has taken the part of Hamlet)-"Well, Charlie, what was the verdict in regard to our enter-tainment last night?" Charlie—"To be frank with you, old man, I heard some of the audience say it was deuced stu-pid." Amateur Actor--"Stupid! That divine tragedy? Why, Charlie, Shakspeare never wrote a stupid thing in his life."—Harper's Bazar.

-"Got any eggs to-day, Mr. Coldcheese?" "Yes, sir, plenty of them."
"Are they fresh?" "Fresh, sir, as the
flowers that—ahem!" "Then I don't
want any." "Don't want any?" "No. sir. I'm going to a lecture to-night, and I thought if I could run across some stale eggs——" "Stale, sir! There ain't an egg in that barrel that was laid this year."-Philadelphia Call.

—We do not believe that a hen-scratches for a living. She scratches for exercise. If you don't believe it, watch a well-fed hen in her humble cage at the market. She will scratch on the sheet-iron floor with all the vigor of s gold digger, and affect to find things to eat with all the innocent assumption of a man who slips on the ice, breaks both legs and his back, and tries to look as though he hadn't fallen down .- Bur-

## TALKING ABOUT HENS.

How a Decided Coolness Sprang Up Be-

A Rochester man named Muggs has been out in the town of Wheatland visiting some friends who live on a farm. Mr. Muggs is not only a man of more than average intelligence, but he is also of an inquiring turn of mind; and while he was visiting on the farm he managed to pick up a good deal of information by asking questions about things. One of the first things that excited his curiosity was a hen that was on a nest under the end of a lumber pile.

"This must be a hen," said Muggs,

confidently.
"It is," said the farmer. "She seems to be taking life pretty easy," ventured Muggs. Quite the contrary."

farmer. "She is busy. "Laying an egg, probably," suggested Muggs, "Probably not," said the farmer

"She is setting." Then Muggs made some patronizing remark to the hen and reached down to stroke the fur on her neek. The hen was busy, but not too busy to keep an eye on Muggs, and when his hand came within reach she picked a small piece of skin off from it. Muggs took his hand away with wonderful quick-ness and put it into his pocket. Then

silence for several minutes. At length he said: "I suppose hens seldom have hydro phobia

he stood and contemplated the hen in

"Seldom," said the farmer. "But when they do have it they have it pretty bad, don't they?" inquired Muggs, with considerable anxiety. "Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said

in that way. Her fangs are not poisonous." "I suppose, now," said Muggs, "that an industrious, persistent hen like that will hatch out a chicken every day, and not feel it.

"The hen is mad, but not

the farmer.

"There is a difference in hens," said the farmer. "Some hens set harder than others and hatch chickens faster. brood of chickens last summer in ten days. She never stopped for Sundays or legal holidays, but just kept right at it. But it wasn't a very good job, because it was rushed too much. Nine of the chickens were foolish and the other four were not any too bright. You see, they were not expecting it, and they seemed to be sort of dazed—couldn't understand how they got here so soon. They would stand around in a balf-witted kind of way and try to figure it out, but they never "I should think," said Muggs, thoughtfully, "that chicken hatched so fast as that would be apt to mature

quickly-get old while they are young, as it were Exactly-they do," said the farmer. "You remember that I bought a couple of spring chickens from you last full," said Muggs, still more thoughtfully, as if an idea had occurred to

him. "Yes, I remember," said the farmer,

who was also beginning to have an idea. "What of it?"
"O, nothing; only I thought perhaps they belonged to this brood that you have been speaking about. We broiled have been speaking about. We broiled them a couple of days and then gave